The Pennant

DECEMBER, 1907

Virginia Institute
Bristol, Virginia

THE PENNANT

Published by the STUDENTS OF VIRGINIA INSTITUTE
Bristol, Virginia

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Published by the Students of Virginia Institute, Bristol, Virginia

KATE WILLIAMS, ... Editor-in-Chief
Nell Mullins, Elizabeth Coshow, . . . Associate Editors
AIMEE McALPIN, ... Business Manager
Fannie Womack, ... Assistant Business Manager

Sadie Riser, . . . Editor Art Department
Carrie Lee Bingham, . . Editor Music Department
Alice Rogers, . . Editor Expression Department
Mary Robbins, . . . Editor Athletic Department
Myrtle Robinson, . . . Editor Alumnæ Department

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EDITORIALS

HERE we are again, with our pages filled that all may look thereon and read what is going on within these walls. If they could relate all they hear and see they would tell you that girls of this school have gone to work with a will to make this paper a success. The staff realizes that to make it a success we must have the hearty co-operation of the student body; that to make this little book interesting and instructive, the articles must be contributed by the girls, and not always by the members of the staff. If each editor prepares the material for her department each month there will be such a sameness about the mode of expression that the articles, though very true and instructive, will grow uninteresting. It is novelty that makes interest. Realizing tnis, we have scattered the work out among the girls, and they have responded with a readiness that is most gratifying. If this spirit continues we may hope to have success.

We also solicit the assistance of our friends. If you are interested in us, subscribe for our paper. If you have a daughter in school and want to know in what kind of an atmosphere she lives for nine months out of the year, here is a means of finding out. If you have a sister, friend or sweetheart within these walls and wish to learn what kind of associates she has you may read their character on these pages. Send us your subscription.

Furl that Pennant for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary.—Never!

BENEFITS OF A COLLEGE PAPER

Time and space will not permit me to give an exhaustive discussion of the benefits of a College paper, therefore I shall name only a few of the most direct ones.

First, let us enumerate the benefits to the students. A school publication promotes the literary department of the school. Since the work is contributed by the girls and their compositions are to be printed where all may read they will study to make their work readable. The subject may require a large amount of research; this will perhaps give general information that would not otherwise have been gained. Careful attention in writing for the press will soon correct bad spelling and careless use of punctuation marks. The writer will learn to express delicate shades of meaning on paper. The students will read their paper, thus gaining some information on all the subjects represented therein. While the same subjects may be treated at length and more forcibly in other books too few students have the incentive necessary to cause them to look them up.

Again the magazine aids in keeping up college spirit, and who will say that college spirit is not a great benefit to the students as well as to the college?

It engenders this spirit in that it is a students movement for the benefit of their school. Any movement that has the co-operation of all the students creates college spirit, a necessary requisite for the advancement of any college.

A college paper keeps the students in touch with all the departments of the school. A student rarely has work in more than two or three of these departments. Her daily work keeps her too busy to see what is going on in the departments other than her own. The college paper gives all the needed information.

For the school the paper is a great advertiser. The character of the student body, the surroundings, the discipline of the school, the excellence of its departments, the work that is being done, all may be read between the lines and in the tone of the paper.

To outiders it is a means of finding out the happenings within the college walls. It keeps the alumnae in touch with the school as well as the school in touch with the alumnae. It shows parents and friends what their daughters and friends are doing, the social advantages they are having, for all social events are recorded in the magazine; what lecturers, musicians and other entertainers are procured for their benefit.

In fact, students, school and all interested in the school lack a very dear friend when a college paper is wanting.

KATIE

BY ZIRLETA MATTHEWS

Katie my room-mate sweet and fair,
Has dreamy eyes and golden hair.
She wears a sunny smile all day
And never shirks her work for play.
Her form is plump, but not too stout;
She thinks its huge without a doubt.
This lady fair has suitors bold,
Who love but never love have told.
She pines and waits and longs to hear
That story old to all so dear.
Be calm, dear heart, your fear allay,
The "prince" will come on Christmas day.
A handsome lawyer, kind and grand,
Will win your heart and claim your hand.

Pilgrims of the Night

It was Christmas Eve, and into the little town, essentially New England, although lying upon the borderland of Canada, there stole that feeling of peace and good-will that no other season of the year can bring. The large feathery snow-flakes, lazily drifting to the ground as if they did not care about reaching it, were content that the village and the surrounding fields, for a time, lay transformed into great white "plains of peace." In perfect harmony with this shining new world, nestled a quaint old cottage. It was almost hidden by the snow-laden branches of the great maples which pointed out the way to its old-fashioned door.

In one of its south rooms, whose old furniture and soft green hangings matched the peace outside, lay the quiet form of a woman. Her soft dark hair was drawn smoothly back, her delicate hands lay quietly on the white cover. But the face, although holding still something of its girlish beauty, was hard; her mouth was bitter; her dark eyes held no sweet memory in them—for in her soul was hot rebellion.

As she lay there, dream memories of the golden past sped across her vision—her care-free childhood; her happy girlhood and the dear old college days; the wonderful days when first she knew the power of love; her complete surrender of self in the brief years of her married life; then the marvelous mother-love that had silently crept into her heart and taken possession of her very being when the little child had come to bless their home.

Her eyes grew dim with tenderness, her arms ached for the touch of the little body that she might never hold close to her again, her lips yearned for baby lips forever still. For the baby, with her father, was sleeping beneath the pines of the little hillside grave-yard, and to-night she was dying alone. In her happiness she had not cared for her neighbor's company, in her grief she had hidden from all prying eyes the wound that would not heal. So the days and years had dragged slowly on, with no relief from the ceaseless pain in her heart; with no friend to help her bear the burden; no joy of service to make her forget. Each day had added a little bitterness to her life, each day her heart rebelled more at its loneliness.

A dying ember fell upon the hearth, casting a weird light upon the opposite wall as it flickered and went out. She started nervously, her thoughts suddenly returning to the present. This was Christmas Eve—the eve of the Christ-Child's birthday, which brought peace into the world. Peace! What mockery! Would she ever find peace? If joy were given only to be taken away, then she wanted nothing to do with this Christ. If His religion left one to die alone, then this religion did not belong to her.

The twilight deepened, the fire slowly went out, and, in the hush of the dying day, there came the sound of some one singing. Was she dreaming? As she half raised herself to listen, the words came distinctly, high, clear and sweet: —

"Angels of Jesus,
Angles of light,
Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night."

What memories it brought back! And as she listened all the old bitterness and doubt and pain left her tired heart. The years somehow slipped away, leaving her again at her mother's knee, listening to the old story of the child of Bethlehem. Then again came the refrain, ending with the triumphant,

"Singing to welcome
The pilgrims of the night."

The last ember of the dying fire fell noiselessly among the ashes, its light slowly fading. The woman's lips moved, "Our Father * * * * * *" came softly; and then, "Forgive us * * * * * * *"

The cold light of the stars came in at the windows and rested kindly upon the face, now lovely in its perfect peace, for the soul had gone to that eternal rest where "Angels of Jesus are singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night."

S.

Expression Department

"THE secret of the rose's sweetness, of the bird's ecstacy, of the sunset's glory—this is the secret of genius and eloquence." ¶ So many things of interest have have happened in this department since school opened that we must do as all the wise do, and chose the "better part" to tell our friends. ¶ The members of the School of Expression of Virginia Institute have reorganized themselves into a club known as the "Curry Club," named for Dr. S. S. Curry, president of the Boston School of Expression, a man of great renown in the artistic world and the founder of the School of Expression in Boston.

We feel sure that our friends will take pleasure in knowing that our department has large numbers, not only in quantity, but in quality, it excels. There are quite a number of the students who intend making expression their life work, and the result is that the students are earnest and faithful.

On Oct. 25, Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," with Strauss music, was given by Miss Spigener and Mr. Schroetter.

This immortal poem is one that has charmed humanity for many a year, nor did it fail on this occasion.

Following is the criticism given by the "Bristol Herald Courier," and since it is a very able one, we take the liberty of reproducing it:

"The presentation of this sadly tragic, beautifully pathetic melodrama by Marion Elizabeth Spigener at Virginia Institute on Friday evening, with the incidental music by Mr. Schroetter, was a literary and musical enjoyment by those who heard it rarely experienced in Bristol. Tennyson did not write primarily for the stage but the basis of his best work was the human heart and his wonderful genius found its best expression in portraying its emotions. So that anything which he wrote is not unsuited to the drama and nothing that he wrote is more adaptable to it than the story of Enoch Arden. Those who heard Miss Spigener on Friday evening saw in her fine interpretation of this story in all its phases and development just as the master mind conceived it—the children at play, the growth to young manhood and womanhood, the strength of Enoch, his success, the

trouble that followed—all the distinct marks in the development of the tale were well given by this gifted reader, but more artistic even than these points was the portrayal of the emotions experienced by the characters. As Annie and Enoch Miss Spigener was at her very best, notably fine being the reading of Annie's vision and Enoch's prayer. While Miriam Lane was only a minor character, Miss Spigener showed her versatility as well as ability in her manner of depicting the kind but gossiping dame. The presentation was supported by Mr. Schroetter, who gave with splendid interpretation Richard Struss' incidental music. The program furnished a synopsis of the music, beginning with the Introduction, which represented 'The low moan of leaden-colored seas.' Throughout the music bears the character of the story. Phillip's and Enoch's theme are played when their names are first spoken and recur as the scene changes from one to the other, that of Enoch, strong and rugged, with deep full chords, Phillip's plaintive and patient, and Annie's conveying all that the dignity of true womanliness means. In the notes, parallel to Annie's dream, the first few chords are of Enoch's theme and then Philip's in fragments and spiritualized is heard. This theme is also heard in the wedding music. The theme of loneliness occurs four times, when Phillip learns that Annie loves Enoch, when Enoch leaves, while he is on the island and when he dies. Brightening up these minor tones is the theme of the playful children, which is first heard in the early part of the story and then is most artistically suggested in the death of Annie's little one."

NATURE OF EXPRESSION

That which the School of Expression stands for—utterance or expression—crowns as it were, or fulfils the life of man and finds and feels all life perpetually behind it * * * * Everything that is, struggles at first to be comprehended in the mind of man and is then uttered with richness and eloquence of every kind—eloquence of gesture and eloquence of voice, or that which is also true eloquence, the eloquence which the sculptor carves in the marble, or the painter puts on canvas. "He spake and it was done." How rich are the words! They show that even the eternal life completed itself in utterance and the world was * * * *

Expression is valuable as it crowns life. Nobody has a right to study expression unless he is conscious that behind expression lie deed and action, and that therefore he or she who tries to utter must have something that shall be clamoring for utterance.* * * * Nobody can truly stand as an utterer before the world unless he be profoundly living and earnestly thinking. The world needs more earnest life, truer and nobler thoughts. As she wins these, expression comes into its true place and the deed lifts itself up, and clothes itself in all the richness of imagination and reason in the mind of man. It utters itself in all the trained fluency and picturesque power of expression which belong to this marvelous nature of ours—a nature which it is not possible for us to divide in any clumsy way into body, soul and spirit, but a nature which is one man living, thinking and speaking with one entire action of the human nature * * * *

You, full of the spirit of Him who acted and of Him who thought, take up the action and the thought, give it by the power of your expression some immediate existence and memory among men, and so make ready for the time when, having passed out of the immediate thought and recollection of mankind, it shall have gone into that power by which man has become richer and more divine from year to year and from generation to generation. It is a noble thing to learn expression; feeling life beyond you, feeling within you, in fact, every power of utterance * * * *

[From an address to the Curry School of Expression by the Rt. Rev. Philips Brooke, Oct. 8, 1891.]

TRANSLATION OF ODE I-XIV

BY F. E. W.

O, ship! that sailed with queenly grace
Put into port and take thy place.
Sail not I pray in open sea
Until your sides protected be.

Do you not see that cruel winds,
Your noble masts have shattered?
Do you not hear the ship yards groan
Since all your strength is scattered?

Uninjured sails are not to you,
Call not upon the gods anew;
And since you are so sore oppressed
Sail into port and take thy rest.

Although thou art a Pontic pine
A woodland child of noble line,
And e'en can boast so great a name
Alas! thy vaunting is in vain.

The timid sailor trusts thee not
In open sea or battles hot.
Beware, lest by the gods decreed
Your crew the angry winds may feed.

O, one time object of my care
My hearts deep burden and dispair,
Shun today the foaming seas
Poured round the shining cyclades.

Athletic Department

IRLS ! do let's wake up and realize the important place of athletics in our college life. We have often heard it said that the mind has a great influence over the body, but it is equally true that the body has a great influence over the mind. For instance, look at Pope, the great English writer who wrote the most biting sarcasm and severe criticism. We do not believe he could, with his critical mind, have had a great love for his fellowman. Think for a minute if he had not had such a frail, diseased body, and had not been obliged to suffer so much, what he might have written and been with his great mental powers.

We might mention others who have been influenced by the state of their bodies in their works and lives, but I think you will agree that ill-health greatly affected his life. So it will affect our lives; but if we are to accomplish what we desire in this life and reach our highest ideals it is very essential that we do not neglect these bodies.

We girls have so many advantages for the best physical development, our class gymnastics, tennis, basket-ball, and a beautiful campus where we may stroll and inhale the delightful mountain air.

Then let's have health this year, and give athletics a very important place in our college life.

Since the opening of school four basket-ball teams have been organized. They are composed of the following girls with their captains: Fannie Womack, captain, Bye Hill, Suella Burnett, Rebecca Brooke, Alma Crabtree, Winnie Brown, Elizabeth Snodgrass, Lillian Bacon, Louise Wright; Aimee McAlpin, captain, Kate Williams, Carrie Lee Bingham, Irma Hill, Lena Martin, Lillian Nickel, Bess Johnson, Inez Dufford, Ethel Motley; Lidie Courts, captain, Myrtle Hamilton, Clara Clark, Ella Ratleff, Catheline Gaunt, Grace Perry, Venita Bacon, Hallie Perry, Nell Sparks; Mary Robbins, captain, Hallie Fields, Katie Lockhart, Hattie Anderson, Emma Stoddard, Mary Brabston, Mildred Holloway, Kate Brabson, Hattie Lott.

During the past month, the girls of V. I., with a member or two of the faculty, have enjoyed several delightful trips to the knobs.

Besides this, we have had numerous walks around Bristol which were greatly enjoyed by every one of the girls.

A great part of our physical culture takes place in our gymnasium, which is a large, well ventilated room, well adapted to this purpose.

Miss Spigener not only understands her work, but the girls as well; so there is no "playing out" without meeting the consequences. The exercises we take in this department are adapted to the individual needs, and not so much for perfection in drill.

Our work here is compulsory, but we do not mind taking part as it freshens us up after our great mental activity and achievements (?).

Miss Spigener, the director of our gymnastics, is also president of the Athletic Association. The purpose of this association is to develop an interest in athletics among the students of V. I. The other officers are: Miss Myrtle Robinson, Vice-President; Aimee McAlpin, Secretary, and Fannie Womack, Treasurer.

On Mondays, Mr. Schroetter chaperones all who wish to indulge in delightful horse-back rides; but gracious! of all the complaining we hear next day: "Oh! my muscles are so sore," and "I never was so shaken up in my life!" or words to this effect. This, though, is a small matter, for they are ready and anxious to go again.

MONEY

'Tis said that money is king of kings.
This is not always true;
For there are still a number of things
Which money will not do.

It cannot buy true happiness:
Though it will purchase wine;
It does not bring repose and rest
To a distorted mind.

The magnate's wealth may countless be,
His favors may be sought,
But if he's not from illness free
His riches count for naught.

Two youths start forth—one rich, one poor—
Life's battles to commence;
But he will fail whose will is frail,
Although he has the pence.

Of course, if you seek social rank,
With all its gloss and honey,
A necessary requisite
Is to have lots of money.

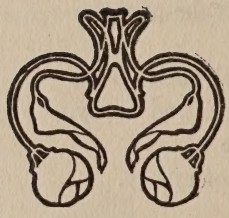
Society! whose only cloak
With glittering tinsel is shaking,
Beneath which many a weary heart
Is slowly, surely breaking.

'Tis not the man with the bank account,
That lives without employment,
Who sees in life's most varied forms
The greatest true enjoyment.

'Tis he who thinks that honor and truth
Are the greatest boons to the soul;
It's such a man, it's such a youth,
Who finally reaches the goal.

I hold that health is the greatest wealth,
And a conscience clear, withal;
For you will know, as you older grow,
That earthly pleasures pall.

Oh, give to me a spotless name!
A character pure and fair!
And I'll not ask for gold or fame—
For such I do not care.—Ex.



Locals and Society Notes

N Thursday afternoon, October 24th, from four to six o'clock, the faculty and students of Virginia Institute tendered to Senator Carmack, of Tennessee, the most social affair in the annals of the College. The guests present were about five hundred in number. Many in and around Bristol participated. The receiving line consisted of some of the most noted citizens of Bristol, together with the senior class of the school. During the afternoon fruit punch was served by two of the students, Misses Elizabeth Coshow and Alice Rodgers. The Bristol orchestra furnished music which was in harmony with the gaiety of the occasion. From all reports this was a most enjoyable and successful affair.

Misses Willingham and Spigener most royally entertained a number of invited guests in the Expression Studio of Virginia Institute on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 17, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Willingham, of Richmond.

The studio was prettily decorated with potted plants and cut flowers. The punch bowl, from which fruit nectar was generously served throughout the evening, was very attractive to all.

Around the room were a number of tables, decorated with dainty hand-worked centerpieces, each table being abundantly supplied with salted peanuts.

Sets of dominoes were distributed, together with score cards, on which a domino was outlined. A progressive game of Rounce followed. As the players progressed the score was marked by a black dot, further carrying out the semblance of a domino.

Soon after the game—Miss Spigener officiating at the chafing-dishes—the guests were served with delicious oyster stew; stuffed olives, crisp celery and crackers added much to this course. Candy mints had their own place in the evening entertainment.

Upon examination of the score cards, it was found that Misses Tompkins and Robinson had a duplicate score. They were presented with a bouquet of beautiful carnations, which they in turn presented to the guest of honor, Miss Elizabeth Willingham.

Other guests present were Mesdames Hanshue and Murrell, Misses McGee, Townsend, Gardner, Burnett and Mahoney, Messrs. Henderson, Schroetter, Hanshue, Converse and Putnam.

All voted Misses Willingham and Spigener ideal hostesses and good cooks.

The reception on Thanksgiving evening given by President Henderson and the members of the Eoline and Harrisonian Literary Societies of Virginia Institute, was one of the most brilliant social events of the season.

The reception halls, drawing rooms, library and Expression Studio, were elaborately decorated with holly, cedars and red carnations, thus carrying out the colors of the two societies.

The guests, consisting of the young men of Bristol, Emory and Henry College, and Virginia Polytechnic Institute, were ushered into the drawing rooms, where they were cordially welcomed by the following receiving line: President Henderson, Prof. Schroetter, Mrs. Murrell, Misses Carrie Lee Bingham, Alma Crabtree, Mary Brabson, Catherine Conn, Alice Rogers, Ruth Brown, Elizabeth Coshow, Marion Spigener.

A delicious salad course was served and throughout the evening music was furnished by the Bristol Orchestra.

On Saturday, Nov. 9th, the Eolines enjoyed a very pleasant evening at an open meeting of their society. They felt highly honored by the presence of such distinguished guests as Misses McGee, Townsend, Tompkins, Spigener, Mahoney, Elizabeth Willingham, and Messrs. Converse, Putnam, and Schroetter. Every one did her very best to make the following programme a success:

Piano Solo—Miss Annie Halford.

Reading—Miss Louise Wright.

Debate—Resolved, that Annie was justified in marrying Philip. Affirmative, Miss Kate Williams; negative, Miss Fan Womack.

Vocal Solo—Miss Bess Johnson.

Affirmative, Miss Nell Mullins; negative, Miss Myrtle Robinson.

Piano Solo—Miss Mildred Holloway.

Miss Halford is one of the advanced students of our music department, and her rendition of the last movement of the Beethoven

"Appassionata Sonata" was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Miss Wright captivated every one, as usual, with her exceedingly amusing reading, during which the venerable old Eoline Hall rang with hearty laughter. The fact that the subject for debate was taken from "Enoch Arden," which had been presented a short while before by Miss Spigener and Mr. Schroetter, contributed greatly to its interest. The young ladies on both sides argued their points well, and when the judges were called upon to make their decision, they found it quite a hard matter to settle upon the verdict. In the meantime Miss Holloway had been trying in vain to appease the anxious audience with strains of "linked sweetness long drawn out" from the Eoline "music grinder." At last the judges rendered their decision in favor of the affirmative. After the first two arguments had been presented, the audience was delighted with Miss Johnson's vocal solo, not, however, because it broke the dull monotony of the debate, as is so often the case, but because it heightened the interest already inspired.

One of the most delightful and enjoyable occasions of the year was a chafing dish party given by Mrs. Fowler in honor of Miss Elizabeth Willingham, of Richmond, on Wednesday evening, November 6th.

The guests assembled at five o'clock in the cozily furnished Expression Studio, and mirth and wit prevailed for two delightful hours.

The fortunate guests were Misses Elizabeth Willingham, Myrtle Robinson, Carrie Lee Bingham, Rebecca Brooke, Fannie Womack, Elizabeth Coshow and Alma Crabtree.

Misses Robinson and Womack presided most gracefully over the chafing dish and served very daintily the following refreshments:

Welsh rarebit, stuffed olives, chocolate, whipped cream, wafers.

Miss Venus Carter, who was called home on account of the illness of her father, returned on Nov. 26. We are all glad to welcome her back.

Miss Mary Matthews, a former student of Virginia Institute, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Minor, of Bristol, Va. During her stay in Bristol she has made several visits to the Institute. Her many friends here are always glad to welcome her and hope that she may return as a student again in the near future.

Mrs. L. R. Perry, of Big Stone Gap, Va., spent Nov. 9-10 with her daughters, Misses Hallie and Grayce.

Mrs. Sparks, of Newport, Tenn., visited her daughter, Miss Nell Sparks, Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 17-18.

Pres. J. T. Henderson has been away from home during the greater part of November. At the first of the month he attended the Baptist General Association of Virginia. The Institute feels complimented that he was honored with the presidency of this body. On Nov. 20, Dr. Henderson delivered a lecture to the young ladies of Marion College at Marion, Va. On Nov. 23, he lectured in the church of Dr. W. M. Vines at Norfolk, Va. Also on Nov. 18, he attended a meeting of the State Mission Board of Virginia at Richmond. He says that he has come home to stay for a while for which fact both faculty and students are glad, for things never seem exactly right when Dr. Henderson is away.

Mr. S. A. Burnett spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, Miss Suella Burnett. During the five years Miss Burnett has spent at Virginia Institute, Mr. Burnett has been a regular visitor, and everyone is always glad to welcome him.

Another frequent and welcomed visitor to V. I. is Mr. R. J. Crabtree, father of Miss Alma Crabtree. He, accompanied by his son, Mr. Harry Crabtree, spent Sunday, Oct. 19th, at V. I.

The members of the Art Club enjoyed a delightful picnic on the afternoon of Nov. 27th.

Miss Mary Chapman, of Norton, Va., spent Thanksgiving with Miss Alma Crabtree.

The students have been enjoying weekly trips to the knobs. Miss Spigener is chaperon on these occasions and makes these outings very pleasant.

Misses Julia Brabson and Stella Armitate were the guests of the Misses Brabson during Thanksgiving week.

Judge H. A. Ritz, of Bluefield, visited his niece, Miss Lillian Nickels, Nov. 29.

The Misses Richman, of Martha Washington, have been the guests of Misses Mable Clay and Mary Surface.

GAMMA SIGMAS

Miss Spigener kindly chaperoned the members of her sorority, the Gamma Sigmas, to the Hotel Hamilton for dinner Wednesday evening, November twentieth.

There were twenty-five happy maids gathered around the "festive board," and one guest of honor, our lady principal, Mrs. Murrell.

All formality was dispensed with, and each girl enjoyed hugely the many good things that were prepared especially for this dinner party.

Before leaving we all went into the parlor and sang our college songs. We were also favored by appropriate readings from Misses Spigener, Ola Burton and Louise Wright. Everyone had a jolly time and we were very sorry when the last car came to take us back to the Institute.

On Saturday evening, November ninth, a most delightful chafing dish party was tendered the faculty of Virginia Institute by Mr. and Mrs. Hanshue, in their attractive apartments in the Administration building.

Covers were laid for twenty-five guests. As we gathered around the tables there was a flow of merriment and wit which rivalled in sound at least the simmering noises of the chafing dishes, so gracefully presided over by Mrs. Hanshue, Misses Gardner, Spigener and Townsend.

Soon the mystery of "Scotch Woodcock" was ready to be unravelled and it did not require many moments for its success to be assured. Along with this tempting dish, sandwiches, wafers, olives and coffee were served. This was followed by a course of delicious grape-fruit.

A sequel to the evening's entertainment was the opening of the "Jack Horner" pies which proved the centre-pieces of the tables.

Each guest following the ribbon of his place-card, drew a most interesting souvenir of the occasion.

At a late hour the merry party dispersed, each feeling that an ideal evening had been spent with an ideal host and hostess.

Among those present were: Mesdames Hanshue, Henderson and Murrell; Misses Townsend, Tompkins, Willingham, Elizabeth Willingham, Spigener, Gardner, Burnett, Robinson and McGee; Messrs. Hanshue, Henderson, Converse, Putnam and Schroetter.

Music Department

Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love ;
With unsurpassed eloquence can move
And manage all the man with secret art.

THE music department opened this year's work with a recital given in the college auditorium Thursday, September 19th, by Prof. S. T. Schroetter, director of music, and Prof. J. F. Hanshue, head of vocal department. The interest and enthusiasm of the large audience continued throughout the entire program, which was as follows:

SONG: "Salve dimoria." (*Faust*) . . . . . *Gounod*

Sonata Op. 57 . . . . . *Beethoven*

Allegro Assai
Andante con Moto
Allegro ma non troppo

Rhine Maidens . . . . . *Smart*

Scenes of Childhood . . . . . *Schumann*

1 All about foreign countries and people. 2 Curious story. 3 Catch me. 4 Coaxing. 5 Perfect happiness. 6 An important event. 7 Dreaming. 8 At the fireside. 9 The hobby-horse. 10 Almost too serious. 11 Child falling asleep. 12 The Poet's final word.

SONGS: *a*. The four-leafed clover . . . . . *Brownell*

b. Absent . . . . . *Metcalf*

c. When love is done . . . . . *Alling*

Ballade in F Major . . . . . *Chopin*

Prof. Schroetter, with his wonderful musical abilities, never fails to delight his audiences. The Beethoven Sonata, the most imposing number on the program, was rendered with the finish of a master.

Prof. Hanshue, appearing for the first time before a Bristol audience, won for himself laurels of fame. He made a very favorable impression and he will always be heard with pleasure.

Another delightful feature of the season was the organ recital given at the Central Presbyterian church, under the auspices of the Central Presbyterian Church Brotherhood. This recital was given by Prof. S. T. Schroetter, organist, Mrs. W. C. Sanders, soprano, of Knoxville, and Mr. A. Findlay, violinist. Prof. Schroetter's skill as an organist was completely demonstrated. He dominated the instrument, giving to the compositions rendered the noblest expression.

The singer added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

Prof. Findlay rendered his numbers in a very artistic manner.

On the evening of Oct. 14th, the assistants of the music department, Miss Evelyn Lois Gardner, pianist, Miss Suella Burnette, soprano, and Mr. Elmer Eugene Putnam, pianist, gave the following program:

Sonata quasi una Fantasia Op. 27, No. 2 . . . . . *Beethoven*
Adagio Sostenuto, Allegretto, Presto agitato

MR. PUTNAM

a. Because . . . . . *D'Hardelot*
b. Lascia Chio Fianga . . . . . *Handel*
c. Violets . . . . . *Woodman*

MISS BURNETT

a. Capriccio . . . . . *Mendelssohn*
b. Liebestraum No. 3 . . . . . *Liszt*

MISS GARDNER

a. Fantasia Op. 4 . . . . . *Putnam*
b. Venezia e Napoli No. 1 . . . . . *Liszt*
c. Tremolo . . . . . *Gottschalk*

MR. PUTNAM

a. I Dreamt . . . . . *Schira*
b. Under the Rose . . . . . *Fisher*

MISS BURNETT

a. Valse . . . . . *Schutt*
b. Barcarolle . . . . . *McDowell*
c. Cavalier Fantastique . . . . . *Godard*

MISS GARDNER

La Polka de la Reine, Op. 95 . . . . . *Raff*

MR. PUTNAM

Each in his own praiseworthy manner interpreted the compositions of the great masters.

Miss Gardner distinguished herself and added many admirers to her already extensive list.

Miss Burnette sang in her usual pleasing manner. Her voice is always a delight to her many friends.

Mr. Putnam was received with enthusiasm and won for himself a notable reputation.

The V. I. Vocal Society, composed of the voice pupils and other singers of the school, and the Apollo Club, composed of the young men of this city, both under the direction of Prof. Hanshue, are planning to give several attractive entertainments. The members of the music department are very enthusiastic, and hope to make this a most successful year. We have a faculty of name and reputation, who have studied under the masters. So nothing but success can be expected.

"In music the fitting representative of the iron-bound, mournful north was Edward Grieg."

"The most imposing and the most impressive feature of Grieg's funeral was the crowd," writes Dr. Adolf Brodsky. "In my estimate there must have been between forty and fifty thousand people. There was no cold curiosity, no stretching of necks to see better; from old man to urchin, all had the same grave expression of face which showed that they felt their loss." The hearse was drawn by four black horses. As it passed through the streets, the houses draped with flags, all the people uncovered their heads.

All the schools, all the shops, and all the mills were closed. The funeral services included the laying down of fifty-seven wreaths, those of the King and Queen of Norway and the German Emperor coming first. The service began with Grieg's "In Spring," and ended with the funeral march composed in memory of Nordraak. Outside the town we passed through an alley of trees surrounded by the fjords and mountains; the view was overpowering. At a certain spot the hearse stopped and the procession passed before the hearse with lowered standards."

The body was cremated.

Y. W. C. A.

Our Y. W. C. A. opened this fall with a very bright prospect. Our membership is larger now than it has ever been before, and we feel especially encouraged because so many of the new students have joined.

However, we are not satisfied with the membership yet, and hope before the year closes to have every girl in the school a member.

We are expecting Miss Gintner, of Columbo, Ceylon, in to visit us next month, and are confident that she is going to be a joy to us all. Several of our members have already heard her, and know just how splendid she is. We are also hoping to have the General Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Virginia to visit us.

The meetings so far have been very good, and the attendance increases with each meeting. We are expecting to begin a series of programmes next month on the Women of the Bible. Each programme will be posted the week before, and all the members are looking forward to these meetings with much interest.

Our missionary committee also promises us a treat in a series of missionary programmes on the second Sunday in each month. Last month the subject was "The Alien Advance", and all pronounced it the most interesting meeting held this year.

Our new officers have begun their work with an enthusiasm which means success. They are as follows:

Miss Robinson, President.
Queen Honeycutt, Vice-President.
Clara Harwood, Recording Secretary.
Minta Bell, Corresponding Secretary.
Sadie Riser, Treasurer.

Alumnae Department

IT has been said that one of the advantages of a college periodical to a school is that it helps to keep the alumnæ in touch with their alma maters. We feel that through the pages of THE PENNANT the former graduates should be able to learn of the happenings at Virginia Institute and to find out what has become of their classmates. It is for this purpose that we have added the Alumnæ Department to our magazine. We know that every graduate of Virginia Institute loves her Alma Mater too well not to feel an interest in everything for her good, so we feel sure of their co-operation. This is the Alumnae department and it is their duty to make it a success. In the first place every graduate is requested to communicate with the Alumnae Editor, telling all about herself. In this way the Editor will get the material for her department, and every member of the Alumnae Association will be able to find out all about every other member by reading *The Pennant.* Then all the Alumnae should be subscribers of *The Pennant.* If you are a loyal graduate of Virginia Institute send us your subscription.

Let every loyal graduate rally to the support of this department until it is the best in *The Pennant.*

THE CLASS OF 1907

"Oh! may we wreathe thy walls with fame
And safely guard them from all shame
And hear with pride thine honored name
Fair Alma, Alma Mater."

Last May, with a song like this on our lips and sentiments like these in our hearts, we, the class of 1907, left the walls of V. I. to pursue our various courses in life. Some of us returned to the sunny climes of Mississippi, others to the land of the tar heels, others just over the line into Tennessee, while still others remained among the mountains of Virginia. Wherever we went, however, we took with us living memories of V. I., and now in this, the first issue of

The Pennant, we, the class of 1907, wish to express our loyalty to our Alma Mater.

It is hard for us to realize that we who worked together last year within the walls of V. I. today are many miles apart. We can scarcely think that we school girls of last year have entered upon our life's work.

It might be of interest to our friends to know what we are doing, so we will call our class-roll and let each member answer for herself:

"Suella Burnett." "Here, at Virginia Institute," she answers, and we realize that "Soupie" is really the dignified Miss Burnett, assistant teacher of voice at V. I. Report comes that she is as successful in the studio as she always was on the basket-ball ground, so we still believe that the day will come when the class of 1907 will be proud of its "nightingale."

"Robbie Mae Casey," and from away down in Mississippi comes the answer: "Here, having the time of my life." We remember that Rob lives in Clinton, the town which boasts of Mississippi College, with its four hundred boys. So we would not be much surprised to hear that our "Class Baby" is the first to "commit matrimony."

"Annie Aaron," and with a switch in one hand and a spelling book in the other, she answers: "Teaching school in Bristol." During the long hours when the children are "kept in" "Teacher Annie" thinks about the good times spent at V. I. last year, and often on afternoons when the children have been good she finds time to visit her old friends there.

"Lala Moore," and from Bristol again comes the answer, for Lala is spending the winter making home brighter with her smile. She, unable to leave V. I., makes her weekly visits there for her music lessons.

"Ollie Griffen," but dreaming, as usual, she fails to answer, so we will say for her that she is spending her winter at her home in Meridian.

"Clara Gaines." "Teaching," she answers. Who would have thought that the class of 1907 would give so many "dignified school marms" to the world. However, we can easily imagine Clara looking frowningly over the rims of her specks at the young culprit who missed his spelling lesson. We wonder what has become of the "little minister."

"Bessie Stoner" is the next name on our roll. She answers: "I am papa's housekeeper." Yes, Bess, contrary to our expectations, has remained in Asheville with her father. She writes the Alumnae Editor that she will write her a long letter about herself before long, so her friends may expect to hear more from her through these pages.

"Kate Williams," but we scarcely know whether to claim Kate as a member of our class or not, for discontented with her English diploma, she is back at V. I. as a candidate for the A. B. degree. We feel sure, however, that as a member of the class of naughty eight, she will not fail in her loyalty to the class of naughty seven.

"Virginia Dungan." Yes, there is another who answers from Bristol, for Virginia, too, has decided that home is the best place and is enjoying a winter of fun after her years of hard work at school.

"Peggie Shugart." Peggie's answer is rather weak, not from any lack of loyalty, but because she is just recovering from serious illness We remember that in her enthusiasm to do well in her classes, Peggie overworked herself last spring. We are glad to hear that she is improving now.

"Myrtle Robinson." "Still at V. I. and almost as busy as ever," she answers. They say that she stands before the looking glass on her tip-toes an hour every night trying to grow as tall as a teacher at Virginia Institute ought to be, but it is useless, for she will always be the least member of the class of 1907.

This completes our class roll, and we hope we have not wearied our friends with this little account of ourselves.

We are planning a reunion of our class next May and are in hopes that every member will be able to return to V. I., and that we may again sing together our class song:

All Hail! All hail to the senior class,
We number four and seven;
No seniors can with us compare,
This class of naughty seven.

A MEMBER.

LIFE AND ART

There are beauties in the flower
That the brush can never paint;
There are colors in the sunset
Still unmatched by palette tint;
There are noises in the brooklet
Pen nor voice can represent.

There are pent in human faces
Passion's canvas cannot hold;
There are restless, deep heart-longings
That the pen has never told;
There are joys and there are heart-aches
Life alone can e're enfold.—Ex.

Exchange Department

E acknowledge the receipt of several of our last year's exchanges, also several new ones, and we welcome them all. We hope to add a great many to our list this year and to make this department of the magazine one of the most interesting as well as one of the most useful. It shall be our pleasure to read carefully all college papers that we receive, and to point out that which, in our opinion, constitutes their excellencies and their deficiencies. We expect to receive a great deal of good from our exchanges and hope that we may, in turn, help others.

A "Social Culture Club" has been organized in one of the colleges of the middle west. We think that some similiar plan might not be unprofitable if adopted in our own school. All students are members. The purpose of the club is to maintain order during the meals, to punish offenders with fines and to enjoy the spoils in a general banquet at the end of the year. The Club has a President, a Secretary and a Treasurer. The following are the rules of conduct and prescribed fines:

Not sitting erect at table, 1 cent.
Scuffling under table, 1 cent.
Uncomplimentary remarks about food, 1 cent.
Flagrant misuses of English or German, 1 cent.
Tilting chair back, 1 cent.
Chewing with mouth open, 1 cent.
Talking with mouth full, 1 cent.
Slangy or blustering talk, 1 cent.
Pushing individual dishes away, 1 cent.
Placing another dish on plate, 1 cent.
Incorrect holding of knife or fork, 1 cent.
Arms or elbows on table, 1 cent.
Overreaching, 1 cent.
Eating from knife, 1 cent.
Untidy appearance, 1 cent.
Selfish conduct at table, 1 cent.

Talking across from table to table, 1 cent.
Loud talking or laughing, 2 cents.
Using toothpick in public, 1 cent.

A pupil in a village school, who had been requested to write an essay on the human body, handed in the following:

"The human body consists of the head, thorax, abdomen and legs. The head contains the brains, in case there are any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs, also liver and lights. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five—a, e, i, o, u and sometimes w and y. The legs extend from the abdomen to the floor, and have hinges at the top and middle, to enable a fellow to sit when standing or to stand when sitting.—Ex.

Success means hard, persistent, well-directed work. Start on this basis and you will win. The gods give nothing away. You pay for what you get. Hopes long deferred become mildewed. That opportunity that is in your reach this moment will be out of your reach the next moment forever.—Ex.

Your hopes to-day will be your disappointments to-morrow.—Ex.

Remember that when you do not feel like exercising you need it most.—Ex.

Jokes

ATIE—"Poor child! I feel so sorry for her; she is very easily excited, isn't she?

Zirleta—"Well, you know she is of such a nervous temperature anyway."

Clara C.—"Just think, Thanksgiving will soon be here. You know it comes on Thursday this year, but next time, it being on Friday, we will have two holidays."

Louise W., (talking very excitedly to Bye)—"Mamma bought a whole lot of chickens last summer, thinking that they were just the size for frying, but lo and behold, they were nothing but old "banter" hens."

Dr. Henderson (in Psychology class)—"Miss Vivian, can you give me a good definition of flirting?"

Vivian—"Well, er-er—I don't quite remember what Dr. Davis says, but I know what it is: 'Attention without intention.'"

M. C. H.—"Say, girls, can you tell me what Bible the Sunday school lesson is in today?"

Elizabeth S.—"Don't she write awful? I'll declare it is hardly legal."

Mary B.—"Oh, Mr. Schroetter, one of the girls said we were going to get a day off real soon for our fall outing! Is it so?"

Mr. Schroetter—"Well, whoever said that is not likely to get off, for she is already sadly 'off'."

One of the teachers remarked that he didn't sleep very well. Some girl suggested that he whip his face and make the ugly thing sleep.

Bennie Slaughter offers a large reward to anyone who will give her the least information concerning Mr. H. (She only gets one letter each day from him).

Mr. Hanshue insists that any member of the V. I. Vocal Society who determines to take the part of soloist, shall strike one note correctly in each number.

"A hint to the wise is sufficient."

Lidie C. (eating fish)—"I wonder whether the bones in my spinal cord are as symmetrical as this."

Miss McGee laughs.

Lidie (thinking she had made quite a blunder)—"Oh, I mean my cerbellum; no, I mean my sensorium."

Lena M.—"Lordy, you ought to go in there where that dead rat died!"

H.—"Miss Spigener, may I join your sorority?"

Miss Spigener—"Well, my dear, you must wait and see if the girls ask you to become one of them."

New girl—"Don't you all play bowling-alley up here, nor tennis court either?"

Bye—"Nell, I've got to go and see about getting some laundry done up."

Ethel Motley wants to know whether she must eat, with a fork or a spoon, the syrup served three times a day at Virginia Institute.

Inez D.—"Say, Lidie, is that so about the consecration of the mind? You study Psychology, don't you?"

Irene—"When I forget to write to mother, I don't think she ought to frighten me to death by sending a telegram asking what is wrong. Do you?"

Dr. Henderson gives us each morning some little bit of wholesome advice. One morning this week he said: "Girls, on every occasion act naturally, if by acting thus you do not act a natural fool."

Mr. Schroetter thinks the world is like a billy-goat, all the time butting you. Well, he probably knows from bitter experience, so we must accept his statement.

Dr. H., in a recent lecture, enthusiastical over a certain eminent man, said: "Why, he is a most distinguished personage; he is the son of four fathers, and they are all such splendid men."

The amiable young woman (to her lover's small brother)—"Say deary, did your mother raise much poultry this year?"

Small boy—"No'm, she planted a whole lot, but it didn't come up."

Zirleta—"What are ash cakes made of any way? Oh, I know though, corn bread of course."

Country Cousin—"Gee whiz, ain't it cold today? The Deuteronomy is ten miles below Cairo."

Lidie (hearing a rooster crow)—"Gee, was that a rooster crowing?"

L—"What is the matter with her anyway?"

Bennie—"Oh, I don't know, except that there is something wrong with her appendedix."

Eugenia—"Girls, I'd give anything for an umpire dress to wear to the reception Thanksgiving evening."

Mrs. F. (outside the door listening to a girl practicing Schuman's Childhood Scenes)—"I shall certainly demerit that young lady for playing ragtime during study hour. Too bad that some children are so obstinate and persist in doing those things which I have positively forbidden—rag-time!!"

Editor—"I wish we had a puzzle department in the Pennant."

Associate Editor—"Why?"

Editor—"Well, that is the only fitting place for the poems handed in for the December issue."

At every meal some one of the professors is asked to say grace. Mrs. Hanshue finds that she must always instruct her husband beforehand so that in his excitement he will not give thanks for a beautiful day when it is pouring rain.

Hallie F.—"I joined the church when it was a perfect hypodermic."

Miss S. (laughing)—"What did you say?"

Hallie—"Oh, I meant an epidermic."

Alice R.—"Did Miss McGee say we had to read Franklin's Autobiography?"

Queen—"Yes, and it is so uninteresting."

Alice—"Who wrote the thing anyway?"

New girl—"Say, do we have to take gym-phys today?"

One of the V. I. girls inquired at Bunting's Drug Store how much are those penny pictures worth?"

Hattie was writing a letter to her mother and wished to tell her of the pleasure she had just had in reading a certain book. Unable to express herself she said: "What must I say, Becky, to let mamma know how good it was?"

Rebecca—"Say that it was interesting, that will be all right."

Hattie—"I'm not either; she'd know I didn't write the thing and besides I don't like to use big words, it sounds stuck up."

Small boy—"Papa, if you kill a snake and hang it up, it'll rain every time, won't it?"

Father—"Not necessarily so; but why do you ask?"

Small boy—"Well we killed one and hung it up and it rained."

Father—"That was merely a coincidence, perhaps—"

Small boy (interrupting)—"No sir, it wasn't either, it was a black runner!"

Heard on the lawn——Run for Mary S., there's a man on the street car."

Heard in the hall—"Has the bell rang yet?"
"Say it hasn't rang."

One of the Seniors wants to know who Ethel Barrymore is; whether she lives in Bristol, and if she is one of the former V. I. students. Give any information to Miss Lidie Courts.

H—"None but pretty girls have a good time where I live."
L—" 'Scuse me, then! Do you have a swell time?"
H—"Well, I guess I do; gee, I wish I could be there right now."

TELEPHONE BELLS

By Q. H.

Those telephone bells! those telephone bells!
How many tales their ringing tells
Of cousins (?) friends, and sweethearts all
Each time I answer the telephone call!

These joyous hours will soon pass away,
And many a heart I once made gay
Within other halls they soon will dwell
And answer their own telephone bell.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
Those telephone bells will still ring on,
While other girls will walk these halls,
And answer sweetly the telephone calls.

Art Department

JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER

1834-1903

HISTLER, the great American portrait painter, was of Irish descent. While he was still a youth he went to Russia with his parents, where his father died a few years later. After the death of his father, Whistler and his mother returned to America. He then entered West Point and, through the study of military and scientific drawing, he gained his first insight into that great world of Art in which he was in after years to become a skilled and unique worker.

From West Point, he went to Paris, where he entered the studio of Gleyre. After devoting two years to strenuous study, he brought out his first series of etchings, which are generally known by the name of "The Little French Set." Ambitiously, the next year he sent pictures to the Salon, but they were rejected as was his earliest work of importance, "La Femme Blanche." This last named painting, known as the "Symphony in White, No. 1," is the picture of a girl in white, standing before a white curtain which covers the entire background; the whole picture is a combination of white tones, separated by the lines of a single figure—an arrangement in black and white. It was later exhibited in the Salon des Refusis and created quite a sensation in art circles. Two others followed this one—a "Symphony in White, No. II" and No. III, containing two figures. The peculiar and distinctive qualities of Whistler's genius shine out in these three pictures. He has a refinement, a peculiar reserve of manner, a certain subtlety of charm, an elusive, indefinable melody running through all three, which at once marks them out as distinguished and unusual.

Possibly Whistler is best known by his "Portrait de ma Mere" and his portrait of Thomas Carlyle. The former hangs in one of the smaller rooms of the Luxembourg, Paris. It is a large canvas, which, the moment one enters, attracts the eye. "For, seated in side view, is a quiet, gentle-faced elderly lady, her hands folded peacefully in her lap; her smooth hair, covering the temples, is gathered at the back

under a small cap tied with strings of muslin which hang down over the shoulders." Repose, resignation, the key note to the whole is seen in her position, the calmness of her face and the perfect repose of the clasped hands. In this, as in no other of Whistler's achievements, there is found a proof of his power as a great artist: for the ability to select, to discriminate, to choose, to omit, is perhaps the rarest of modern virtues, and we note their presence to an exceptional degree in this picture.

Although Whistler is best known by his portraits, he was also a great landscape painter. His success along this line is due to his love and study of nature, which, he writes, "contains the elements in color and form of all pictures, as the keyboard contains the notes of all music; but the artist is born to pick and choose, and group with science those elements, that the result may be beautiful, as the musician gathers notes and forms chords until he brings forth from chaos--glorious harmony." Whistler's art was not that of the imitator, but "the refined quintessence of all that is finest," yet like most other painters, he did not reach his high standard by the following of accepted theories, but by the keen and critical spirit which he brought to bear upon everything that he saw or attempted to produce. He was a great admirer of Japanese art, from which he gets much of what we call his original methods—his flat, simple tones, his neutral colors, his feeling for balance, and his love for harmony of color.

It is, perhaps, enough to say that Whistler ranks high with his contemporaries as a decorator and etcher, and to think of him as one "with the mark of the gods upon him," who has discovered that "colors are not more since the heavy hangings of night were first drawn aside, and the loveliness of light first revealed."

"It is customary for the Art students to designate the Studio as Heaven." The faculty and students were very nearly convinced that this was so when on the afternoon of September 18, they assembled, by invitation, within its walls to meet its daily inmates. The Art Hall was artistically arranged, everything possible having been done to give it a pleasing effect. The guests were cordially welcomed and made to feel at home by the charming hostess and her assistants. At

the portal each guest was presented with a slip of paper fantastically shaped, on which was written one half of a quotation. After having matched the quotations, each couple wended its way to the punch bowl, which was presided over by two young ladies daintily robed in white. Here they were served with nectar as delightful as the ambrosia of the gods. After spending an hour in pleasant conversation and lively repartee, each guest departed, inwardly hoping that an opportunity would be presented to visit this "Heaven" again.

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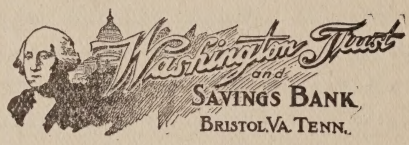

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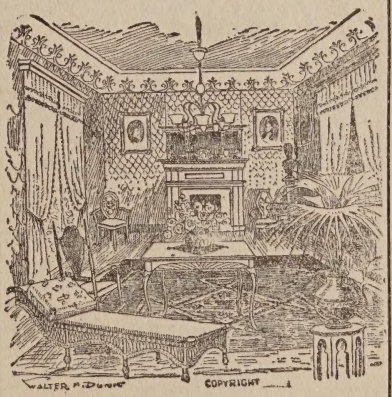

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